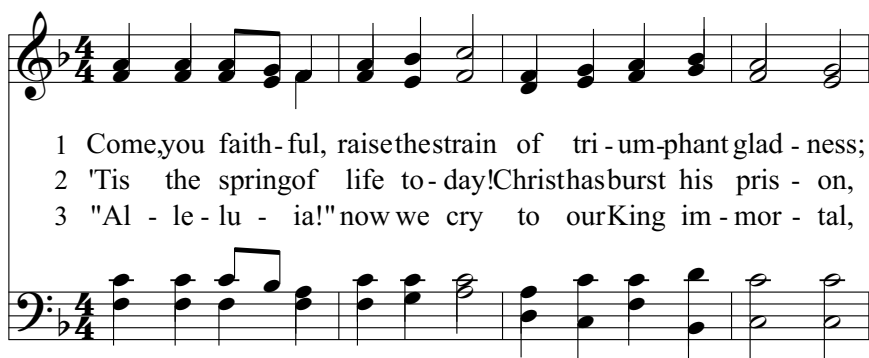
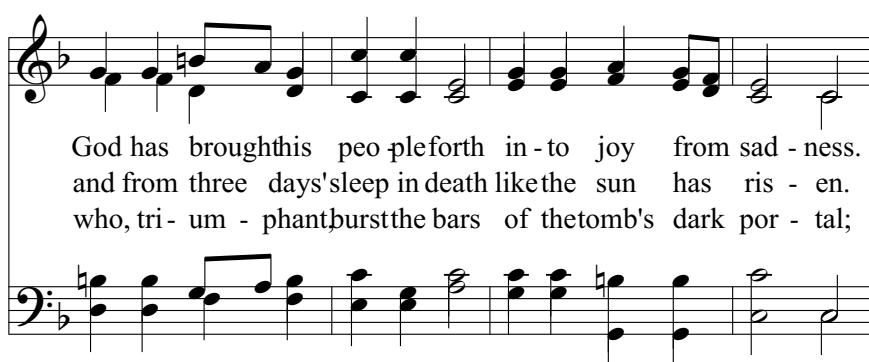


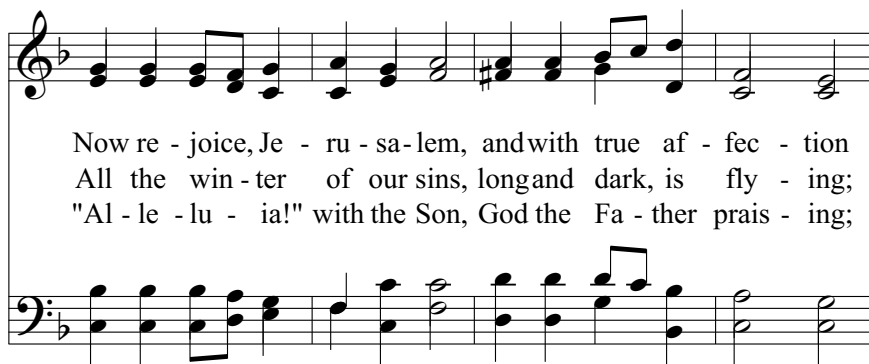
Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



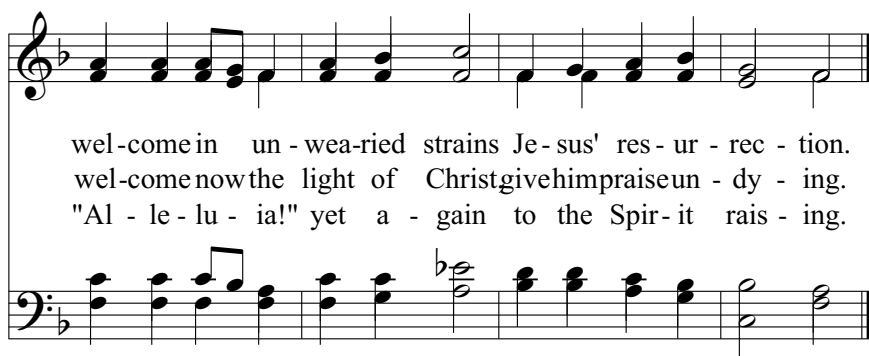
1 Come you faith-ful, raise the strain of tri-um-phant glad-ness;
2 'Tis the spring of life to-day! Christ has burst his pris-on,
3 "Al-le-lu-ia!" now we cry to our King im-mor-tal,



God has brought this peo-ple forth in-to joy from sad-ness.
and from three days' sleep in death like the sun has ris-en.
who, tri-um-phant burst the bars of the tomb's dark por-tal;



Now re-joice, Je-ru-sa-lem, and with true af-fec-tion
All the win-ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly-ing;
"Al-le-lu-ia!" with the Son, God the Fa-ther prais-ing;



wel-come in un-wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion.
wel-come now the light of Christ give him praise un-dy-ing.
"Al-le-lu-ia!" yet a-gain to the Spir-it rais-ing.